

NEBRASKA FOLKLORE PAMPHLET TWENTY

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more

FARMERS'

ALLIANCE

SONGS

of the 1890's

FEDERAL WRITERS' PROJECT
NEBRASKA MAY, 1939



NEBRASKA FOLKLORE PAMPHLETS
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Number Twenty
MORE FARMERS' ALLIANCE SONGS OF THE 1890'S
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With the exception of "In the Journal" and "Thurston at Sea," which appeared in the Takamah Burtonian in 1896, and "A Democratic Wish," from the Greeley Citizen of the same year, these Farmers' Alliance songs, like those in Pamphlet Eighteen, have been gleaned from the files of the Farmers' Alliance—the official organ of the Nebraska State Alliance.

The background of the third party movement, which began as the Farmers' Alliance and later merged into the Populist Party, is treated in the introduction to Pamphlet Eighteen. The present collection continues the recital of the farmers' grievances against the railroads (signalized by Jay Gould, John Thurston, and Mark Hanna) and the banking and political interests allied with them. Through high freight and interest rates, coupled with ruinously low prices for farm products, monopoly and speculation were dispossessing the farmer and arousing him to a reform campaign that produced a lively body of verse and song. In this as in the previous collection parodies of old favorites—"Bring Back my Bonnie to Me," "Old Dan Tucker," and "John Brown"—brought the songs close to folk sources.

The references, on pages 8, 14, 26 and 27, to Rosey of the Bee, Little Rosey, the Rosewater Bee and Rosewater, respectively, refer to Edward Rosewater, who was editor of the Omaha Bee from 1871 to 1906.

CALL TO ARMS

Come join the Alliance, to battle we go;
Labor united will conquer the foe,
Defending the rights and opposing the wrong
The Farmers' Alliance is marching along.

Chorus:

Marching along, we're marching along,
Labor united, be valiant and strong;
The people will triumph and right every wrong,
The Farmers' Alliance is marching along.
Come join our reform, and enter the field.
The numbers are ours, the power we wield.
Our armor is bright and our weapons are strong,
The Farmers' Alliance is marching along.

Come into our ranks, the foe must be driven,
 Our motto: "To justice the world shall be given."
 Though foes may surround us, we'll press through the throng,
 The Farmers' Alliance is marching along.

Come fall into line, the foe we defy,
 With truth for our weapon we'll fight till we die,
 We'll lift up our voices in cheers and in song,
 The Farmers' Alliance is marching along.

JAY GOULD IS DEAD

By Dr. Addison E. Sheldon

(Jay Gould was hated by the farmers of Nebraska because of his controlling interest in the Union Pacific, which gave him the power to determine its policies. He withdrew in 1883 after selling his U. P. stocks for a large profit. Gould died on December 2, 1892.)

Along the wires the message sped,
 Across Nebraska's plains, the Rockies' slope
 From Denver down to Guadalupe;
 Amid the never ceasing din
 Of clicking keys, the bulletin
 Told its quick tale and hurried on
 From Fundy's bay to Oregon--

"Jay Gould is dead."

"Jay Gould is dead--"

The weary operator raised his head
 And whistled in a thoughtful way;
 "Death gets us all at last--so good-bye Jay"
 Drew a short sigh, but shed no tear,
 And wondered if his pay would raise next year
 And if the W. U. would ever recognize
 The talent of a man about his size--

Now that "Jay Gould is dead."

"Jay Gould is dead--"

On crowded change and bustling thoroughfare
 Proclaim the fate of wizard millionaire;
 Bold speculation pauses while it bends--
 To question the effect on dividends,
 And labor asks while bending on its spade,
 "How many millions, Pat, that devil Jay has made?"
 And guessing at the number shakes its head.
 "It's just as well, perhaps, Jay Gould is dead."

"Jay Gould is dead--"

The farmer in his field
 Reflects, while plowing on the coming yield,
 And whether when the wheat's again in the shock

It must pay dividends on watered stock,
Or he can pay his debts and get ahead--
Since "Old Jay Gould is dead."

"Jay Gould is dead--"

Shall no one drop a tear?
Go tell the railroad man, the clear-eyed
Switchman at his post, the engineer--
M. P., U. P., Wabash or Sante Fe--
And listen while he wipes the-dust-away;
"Jay Gould is gone, is he?--well
There's better men, the Bible says, in Hell."
The man of master mind
Rolled up his millions, but forgot mankind--
And mankind, struggling for its daily bread
Hears with no heartache that
"Jay Gould is dead."

THURSTON AT SEA

(John Thurston was hated by the farmers of the State for his defense of high freight rates for the railroads. He was general solicitor for the Union Pacific Railroad until 1895, when he was elected to the United States Senate on the Republican ticket.)

Then said Mr. Thurston
John M. of Omaha
I think I am the first one
To show wherein the law

Makes it a misdemeanor
Full of iniquity
To do a stroke or cast a vote
For anyone but Mc (Kinley),

For am I not the pilot
On the ship Republican
And am I not now standing
Where a pilot once did stand?

Once you had a pilot
'Twas Rosey of the Bee,
He could not box the compass
So he foundered in the sea.

While I walk this quarter deck,
I hope to make it clear
That I want to be the nominee
In the Nineteenth hundred year.

For I am a thirsty Thurston,
 I'm a Thurston all the time;
 I wish I'd "taken water"
 Before I'd taken Bryan.

I could not sacrifice my kindred
 That's what a Thurston said,
 I would vote for shall a-bursting
 On the side and over head.

Our gold standard is in danger
 Out on this Silvery sea;
 I'm afraid we'll sight the phantom ship,
 As 'fraid as I can be.

They say her build is clipper
 And she's a clipper of a craft,
 She's built of solid silver--
 Solid silver 'fore and aft.

In the race we'll not be "in it,"
 For she'll never reef a sail;
 And she'll lag a league a minute,
 In the teeth of any gale.

To sight her means disaster
 To a man (afraid) of war,
 Especially when her master
 Is a bony orator.

SENATOR PADDOCK'S SENTIMENTS

(Tune, the Year of Jubilo)

By Mrs. J. T. Kellie

Oh, bankers come and give me credit
 For the good that I have done;
 Come railroads too and say how faithful
 I my race have run.
 From early until late I've striven
 To know and do your will;
 Keep me then, with Holden handy
 To do they bidding still.

Chorus:

Six crops are gone, ha ha,
 The mortgage stays, ho ho,
 Sign of railroad prosperity
 And the banker's jubilo.

I oppose all plans to cheapen money,
 And raise the price of wheat;
 Our farmers should be glad to labor--
 John Bull cheap food should eat;
 With higher prices for farm produce,
 No mortgage would we see;
 And quickly there would come
 A finish to all prosperity.

And so if we controlled the railroads,
 As other nations do.
 And had them run to help the many,
 Not to enrich a few,
 In all Nebraska's golden borders
 No mortgage would there be;
 No more could we lift up our voices
 And shriek "prosperity."

The hogs are rooting in the parlor--
 They mean the mortgage harm;
 They own they'd like to drive this blessing
 From every home and farm,
 The cowhides walked stright into congress,
 No mortgage friends are they;
 But while you keep me in the senate,
 The mortgage will surely stay.

LAMENT OF THE G. O. P.

(Tune: Vacant Chair)

By Mrs. J. T. Kellie

Up in congress now forever
 Will be many a vacant chair--
 Dorsey, Harlan, Connell never
 Never more will you go there.
 Your spotless records now are hidden
 Beneath your half developed wings,
 From mortal eye forever hidden,
 And broken all our party rings.

Chorus:

Up in congress now forever
 Will be many a vacant chair;
 Dorsey, Harlan, Connell never
 Never more will you be there.

True they tell us stolen boodle
 Ever more will keep you well;

But the bank's and railroad's anguish
 Is too deep for words to tell.
 When you lately came from congress
 Confidence was in your eye;
 You little thought it would be trouble
 Hog's and pauper's votes to buy.

But the farmers knew the money
 So freely offered without fear
 Was the very same old money
 We stole on corn they raised last year.
 Then the bankers sought to scare men
 Who to them much money owed;
 But they said that to the poor house
 It was but a shorter road.

Then we paid some railroad judges
 Five hundred dollars for a night
 To tell, when not too boozy, to the people
 Foul lies which were their souls' delight.
 Then we told our party papers
 That with these lies they must agree;
 To lose their souls would not much matter
 If we could save the G. O. P.

Still the people would not heed us;
 They knew our object but too well;
 Replied: "If rascals still must serve us
 Yet H. rlan, Dorsey, fare you well."
 All the world now knows the story,
 How we suffered sad defeat;
 By "paupers," hogs and "rag-tag hay seeds"
 The bank's and railroad's pets were beat.

A DEMOCRATIC WISH

(J. Sterling Morton, who is mentioned in the eighth line of the first paragraph, was a bitter enemy of the Farmers' Alliance and Populist parties, as were Republican Hoke Smith of Georgia, who was Secretary of the Interior from 1893 to 1896 and James Herron Eckels, a Democrat and gold standard advocate, who was Comptroller of Currency from 1893 to 1897.)

The winter's come and times is hard,
 The people all are fussin';
 The pious folks have tuck to prair,
 The other folks to cussin';
 The government has all broke out
 With Wall street rash and freckles,
 And all we get is gall and gab
 From Morton, Hoke and Eckels.
 I wish the boss would help us out,
 But what's the use of wishin'?

He's cut a pole and dug some bait,
And moseyed off a-fishin'.

The revenue is falling off,
Carlisle is owsker-speely,
And Spain has Cuby by the neck
John Bull has Venezweely;
The Rothschilds have our gold reserve,
Republicans Kaintucky,
And if old Nick don't get us all
We'll be confounded lucky,
I wish his nibs would show us how
To get what we're a wishin',
But what's the use of asking him?
He's busy now a-fishin'.

I wish that Grover would ketch a shark,
And that the shark would bite him;
I wish he'd break his dimmyjohn,
Or-anything to spite him.
I wish he'd git into a swamp
And fail to find a passage
Until his grub was gone, and he
Compelled to eat his message.
I wish—but, law, what is the use
Of dimycrats a-wishin'?
The whole blamed party better go
And foller Grover a-fishin'.

(Line Eight, Stanza Three, refers to a speech made by Grover Cleveland in February, 1885, in which he declared himself against the free coinage of silver.)

IT IS TIME

By J. A. Edgerton

In this age, when gold is king
Sitting on a brazen throne;
When it is the proper thing
Rating men by what they own;
When the brute is more and more,
And the spirit less and less;
When the world is lorded o'er
By corruptions and excess;
It is time that men of worth
Boldly step into the van,
With this message to the Earth,
Down with Mammon, up with Man.

We have seen the idler feast,
 While the toiler lacked for bread;
 We have seen the king and priest
 Rob the living and the dead;
 We have seen the thief arrayed
 In the purple robes of state,
 While the honest man was made
 To beg succor at his gate.
 It has ever been the same,
 Since our human world began,
 Let us stop the sickening game,
 Down with Mammon, up with Man.

Earth is far too wise and old
 For a lordling, or a slave;
 For to heed a ring of gold
 On the forehead of a knave;
 Far too old for war and hate;
 Old enough for brotherhood;
 Wise enough to found a state,
 Where men seek each other's good.
 We have followed self too long;
 Let us try a better plan;
 Keep the right, subdue the wrong,
 Down with Mammon, up with Man.

Many of the brightest, best
 Of the earth, were counted poor.
 Some possessed "not where to rest,"
 Other toil and hardship bore.
 Homer, at the dawn of Greece,
 Sung and begged from day to day;
 Buddha, born with palaces,
 Flung the baubles all away.
 Wealth is by the devil prized,
 God has cursed it with a ban.
 Let us hear the pauper, Christ,
 Down with Mammon, up with Man.

Oh, my people, will you heed?
 Be no more like beasts of prey,
 Turn from selfishness and greed,
 Let us find a nobler way.
 From the worn out lies of old,
 Let us make the whole world free,
 Down with kings and priests and gold;
 Up with God, Humanity.
 We are tired of wrong and crime,
 Let us crush them while we can,
 Let us hail the better time,
 Down with Mammon, up with Man.

WHERE WE CAPTURE OLD MONOPOLY

By D. S. Thomas, North Platte, Nebr.

Throughout the land there is a cry--
 The folks all know the reason why.
 King Monopoly, the two legged barrow,
 Has captured Uncle Sam to our sorrow.
 He sees the Grand Old Party is getting dosy,
 So he goes and hires little Kosey.
 And gives him twenty-five thousand a year
 To advocate the sale of lager beer.
 The Democrat editors helped him blow the bugle,
 But little Rosey kept all the boodle.
 And Paddy Jim to election did go
 With his pockets full of rotten eggs to throw.
 These hard times will soon be past
 And better days will come at last,
 For everybody that you see
 Say they cannot believe the Omaha Bee.
 The Independents are in the field
 And gathering strength each day,
 They will make old Monopoly yield
 For so the people say.
 The farmers want good times again,
 To sell their beef, and pork and grain;
 And they do all agree
 To capture old Monopoly.
 He thinks that we are very weak;
 He will find himself mistaken;
 With thunder tones so loud we speak
 And shout till he is shaken.
 Cheer up, my lively lads; we will get him under.
 We will capture him with all his wealth and plunder,
 Old Monopoly is a villain and a cheat,
 A pauper maker and a dead beat.
 Come farmers, mechanics, laborers, and all,
 Help us roll the Independent ball.
 Independent we shall be,
 When we capture old Monopoly.
 Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah! we are free
 When we capture old Monopoly.

WE HOLD THE WINNING HAND

Composed and sung by D. T. Cline of

Bluff Center, Alliance No. 1633.

We have sailed across the stormy sea,
 We have heard the billows roar,
 The ship was sinking under us
 And we could not reach the shore.

We all began to shout and pray,
 "We cannot reach the land."
 They sang, "Farewell, you sons of guns,
 We hold the winning hand."

Chorus:

We hold the winning hand, boys,
 The votes we can command,
 With railways and banks to starve you cranks,
 We hold the winning hand.

We went to all the rallies 'round,
 We heard them preach and say
 What the G. O. P. would do for us,
 If we would only stay,
 We heard them singing "Hold the fort,
 And come and join our band,
 For we belong to the money ring
 And hold the winning hand."

Chorus: [Was omitted]

Then the farmers began to stir around,
 To see what they could do;
 They formed themselves into a ring,
 To do some voting too.
 The Alliance came and spread like fire,
 Through all of this great land;
 We cast our votes election day,
 And now we hold the winning hand.

Chorus:

We hold the winning hand, boys,
 The votes we can command,
 Through storm and strife, and all through life,
 We'll hold the winning hand.

McKinley passed the tariff bill
 Upon the farmers' coats,
 And Dorsey wired the Quay
 To save Nebraska votes.
 Quay claimed to this great fraud,
 He surely would not stoop,
 But we cast our votes on election day,
 And Dorsey's in the soup.

Chorus:

And Dorsey's in the soup, boys,
 And there we'll leave him stand;
 We cast our votes to save our coats,
 And we hold the winning hand.

The election's o'er, we won the day,
 Though fraud may get us down;
 We'll contest the whole State through,
 And bring our man around.
 We'll make the hottest time for G. O. P.'s
 That ever struck this land,
 For we believe in equal rights,
 And we hold the winning hand.

Chorus:

The G. O. P.'s are in the soup, boys,
 Their name, 'tis surely pants;*
 We did it with our little votes
 And we hold the winning hand.

THE NOBLE EIGHTEEN

All hail the small yet dauntless band, their honor's glorious sheen!
 All hail the incorruptible, the brave and true eighteen!
 Their valor and integrity are boundless as the sea;
 A Spartan band, they won the fight for "House Roll 33."

There was Stewart with his war-paint, the tribe of Sioux's great chief;
 There was Harris who so often brought Pope and North to grief;
 There was Valley county's hero, Gray, from talent or malice free;
 There was Dawson's dauntless Darner with a backbone like a tree.

There was Dysart always "Keeping in the middle of the road;"
 There was Campbell always seeking to remove the people's load
 Of corporate extortion they have borne so many years;
 There was Smith who hails from Buffalo, a stranger to all fears.

There was Johnson and McCarty who seldom spoke a word
 Except at time of roll-call when they made their voices heard
 In a way that caused a sinking of corporation hearts;
 There were earnest quiet Saunders and Young who played their parts,
 In a way to make constituents shout praises loud and long;
 There was Mullen from the land of Holt who never voted wrong.

There was Antelope's brave Packwood who never would "give in;"
 There was sturdy Dale from Harlan whose voice above the din
 Oft rose in tones stentorian as he for justice called,
 And, with the help of Stewart, the railroad tools be-mauled.

But there was ne'er a Taylor nor a Collins to be found
 'Mongst the fourteen independents who so stoutly held their ground,
 Though the corporation boodlers hunted high and low, 'tis told,
 For one who'd swap his manhood for a paltry sum of gold.

* This phrase means "They are done for."

There were fourteen Independents who no compromise would brock,
 Who would fight out on that line if it all the summer took.
 There were fourteen Independents who held the banner high,
 And called aloud for justice till their voices reached the sky.

But not alone the fourteen stood the people to defend,
 Four other true and honest men stood with them end to end.
 Two Republicans remembered their party's old-time creed,
 They remembered how in years gone by the negro slave was freed.

Then to make Nebraska toilers from corporate bondage free
 Brave Clarke and Everett voted for "House Roll 33,"
 And Hale and Thompson, Democrats, true to their party name,
 Stood by the great plain people and voted for the same.

The eighteen noble senators deserve the love and praise
 Of patriotic sons of toil through all the coming days.
 On Nebraska's "roll of honor" their names will be inscribed
 As men who by the railroad power could not be cowed or bribed.
 In every true and loyal heart their names will be enshrined.
 The memory of their work will rest in every noble mind.

All hail this small yet dauntless band, their honor's glorious sheen!
 All hail the incorruptible, the true and brave eighteen!
 Their valor and integrity are boundless as the sea;
 A Spartan band, they won the fight for "House Roll 33."

WE WANT NONE OF THEE

(Tune, "Bring Back My Bonnie to Me")

By Nellie Saunders

Old Johnny Bull's over the ocean,
 Old Johnny Bull's over the sea;
 He wants to dictate to our people,
 But Johnny we want none of thee.

Ah, there! stay there! Lombard and
 Wall street! We want none of thee.
 Ah, there! stay there! Johnny, stay
 Over the sea.

Our millionaires seem to be troubled,
 They're opening their coffers, you see;
 And are loading Mark Hanna with boodle;
 But the people are bound to be free.

Ah, there! stay there! protection and
 Gold bugs; we want none of thee.
 Ah, there! stay there! old goldbugs;
 From you we'll be free.

McKinley lives over at Canton;
 He's backed up by the East, don't you see;
 But the people will say in November;
 Oh, Billee, we want none of thee.

Ah, there! stay there! McKinley and
 Chestnuts, from you we'll be free,
 Ah, there! stay there! old goldbugs;
 You can't "befuddle" me.

Our hero, he comes from Nebraska;
 He's "the orator boy of the Platte,"
 He's offering relief to the poor man,
 And I tell you we're voting for that.

Ah, there! stay there! Bryan's the
 Man that will make silver free,
 Ah, there! stay there! We're bound
 To elect him, you see.

IN THE JOURNAL

(Written for the Burtonian)

(A number of the State's daily newspapers, such as the Lincoln Journal, Omaha Bee, and the World-Herald, were unsympathetic toward the Farmers' Alliance movement. The following is typical of the Alliance replies to their attacks.)

There are men with similar aims,
 In the Journal,
 Who when crossed will call you names,
 In the Journal,
 There is Will O. Jones and Bix
 Who do all the little tricks
 And call them politics
 In the Journal.

But we know what makes them shake,
 In the Journal,
 Like the jar of an earthquake
 In the Journal,
 Yes, they are mighty 'fraid of him,
 That is "Billy and his chin"
 For they know that he will win
 In the Journal.

They made fun of Billy's mouth,
 In the Journal,
 When he took **it** with him south,
 In the Journal,
 They ridiculed each speech

And they called each one a screech,
 But they were out of sight and reach
 Of the Journal.

We've read of Billy and his jaw,
 In the Journal,
 But they fear it as the thief fears the law,
 In the Journal,
 For they know that with his might
 He is on the side of the right
 And it don't make things look bright,
 In the Journal.

They have fought him now for years,
 In the Journal,
 And have wept bitter, bitter tears,
 In the Journal,
 For he has never known defeat
 And won each battle so complete
 That he put them all to sleep,
 In the Journal.

Now try and be a man,
 In the Journal,
 Or as near one as you can,
 In the Journal,
 Drop ridicule and slurs
 And lies in chestnut burrs,
 Do not call opponents curs,
 In the Journal.

You haven't all the wit,
 In the Journal,
 There is still a little bit,
 Out the Journal,
 You call us all great fools
 But you cannot call us tools
 Of the money power which rules
 In the Journal.

It's only gold can glitter,
 In the Journal,
 All else to them is bitter,
 In the Journal,
 Yes, the gold curse is their master
 And they use it as a plaster
 And nothing can stick faster,
 In the Journal.

This now please remember,
 Mr. Journal,
 That early in November,
 Mr. Journal,
 Things will take a new direction
 Right after the election
 You'll take silver by injection,
 In the Journal.

THE ROSEWATER BEE

Composed and sung by John King of Rock Creek
 precinct, Saunders County.

The Rosewater Bee is a dandy,
 I can't help but watch as he flies,
 He is steering right straight for your brain, boys,
 And his sting it is loaded with lies.
 He is ruled by political shysters,
 And governed by combines you see,
 But while you read Burrow's paper
 You'll never get stung by the Bee.

This delicate Bee is a beauty,
 The finest that eyes ever seen;
 It hives with the Democrat party,
 Intending to hatch a new queen.
 But now the Alliance comes along boys,
 And as sure as corruption's alive,
 With a ticket that's called Independent,
 We'll stir them all up in their hive.

We'll rap on their hive till they swarm, boys
 We'll stand by and bid them adieu,
 To the bottomless pit of corruption
 Fitted up to receive such a crew.
 Goodbye to the Bee and Rosewater,
 World-Herald, the Journal and Gere,
 Get out of our sight to the Devil,
 Don't come back for ten thousand years.

THE G. O. P. LAMENT

(The Chadron Signal)

(Dedicated to Edward Rosewater)

Ho, Hastings and Humphrey and Allen and Hill;
 Come off from the roof and explain,

That steal in the Pen and Asylum coal bill
Are causing this terrible strain.

There's Dorgan and Mosher and Hubbard and Lauer
Like millstones tied onto our neck,
With the Devil and Rosewater raising a shower
And the water runs high in the creek.

We're deep in the mire of the Capital Bank,
And the bridges are washed from the brink,
People's Run's to be crossed with the foe on our flank,
Come off from our back or we'll sink.

So Allen and Humphrey and Hastings and Hill,
Resign and get out of the rain.
Penitentiary cell and Asylum coal bill
Explanations can never explain.

MAN THE PUMPS

(Tune: Hold the Fort)

By Mrs. J. T. Kellie

At the railroad's late convention
They observed at last
The G. O. P. with spoils o'er laden
Now was sinking fast.

Chorus:

"Man the pumps, our ship is sinking,"
Howe in terror cries;
"We're exhausted, hands are blistered,"
Banker crew replies.

"Where are now our sturdy farmers
With their horny hand?"
"They are marching out of bondage.
Powers in the Van."

"Call them back, we need their muscle;"
"No, it is no use,
For they claim as their just right now,
All that they produce."

Then must Banker Railroad Richards
With his precious freight,
Barrels filled with three ten money,
Buy for us the State.

Perjured Benton, traitor Dorsey,
 Will give thousands more;
 Then will Howe and Majors show them
 Where to reach the shore.

We will paint the old planks over--
 Rosewater shall tell
 How improved we are. While Holdrege
 Gravel trains work well.

So the willful naughty Granger
 Shall his folly rue--
 He shall pay back all your money
 With big interest too.

We must never let the farmers
 Gain a precedent,
 Or until they run the nation
 They'll not be content.

Pump; Oh do not mind the blisters
 Keep stiff upper lip;
 We can no more enslave labor
 If we lose the ship.

Close beside that sinking vessel
 With its pirate crew,
 Van Nyck and Powers, Kem, McKeighan,
 Sail with vessels new.

Man the pumps, but not much longer
 Can your vessel float;
 She can't stand the storms of reason
 Nor the people's vote.

True she was a noble vessel
 Once upon a time;
 Railroads, Banks and Sharks have sunk her
 'Neath the water line.

Now she's rotten in each timber;
 Like the "one hoss shay;"
 On the Fourth of next November
 She will pass away.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S LACKEY

By Mrs. J. T. Kellie

There is a man at Buzzard's Bay
 To whom the goldbugs daily pray
 But whom the common people say
 Is Queen Victoria's lackey.

He says the dollar shall contain
 More toil than e'er before; more pain;
 It shall be harder to obtain,
 Says Queen Victoria's lackey.

The dollar that our fathers knew
 When they the British power o'erthrew
 Shall not be used by me or you,
 Says Queen Victoria's lackey.

Our mines could change growth of the soil
 With those who in the workshop toil;
 But schemes of England it would foil,
 Says Queen Victoria's lackey.

So we must with England plead
 To furnish the exchange we need;
 That we may be her slaves indeed,
 Says Queen Victoria's lackey.

Let England us more money loan
 And soon our land will be her own;
 She'll reap the fruit by Cleveland sown
 The Queen of England's lackey.

Since sin its work on earth begun
 Each land has known a traitorous one;
 But none so vile beneath the sun
 As Queen Victoria's lackey.

Arise, like men, and swear that you
 Will pay all that is justly due
 In money such as was lent you,
 Spite of the traitorous lackey.

Pray for the time that come it may
 When traitors all have had their day,
 And buzzards vile at Buzzard's Bay
 Feast on Victoria's lackey.

THAT PROSPERITY WAVE

By L. P. Cummins

(The "Mack" referred to in the fourth stanza is President McKinley)

We rise not to put the main question
 Just how we should act and behave
 When we're completely submerged by the waters
 Of that prosperity wave.

It was printed and spread o'er the country
 Told the freeman the white and black slave
 That McKinley's triumphant election
 Would our country both honor and save.

So wide was to be its diffusion
 All our shores with a blessing 'twould leave.
 Now the people have a right to demand it,
 And this right they never will waive.

Yes, and Mack, it is claimed, was elected
 (To be sure a plaguy close shave)
 Just the same we hoped (not expected)
 A ride on a newly made wave.

But the banks it seems are still breaking,
 And depositors are all on the rave,
 While many of the "honest" bankers
 Are seeking the suicide's grave.

And money is a mighty sight scarcer,
 "Indade sor we really believe"
 And business throughout the whole country
 Continues to totter and cave.

Their "confidence" "barl" is all busted,
 It's no longer convex and concave,
 About all that's now left of the humbug
 Are the hoops, the bung and a stave.

Mark Hanna, like robber and pirate--
 The heinous old villain and knave
 He lied like the devil in Sheol,
 McKinley to bolster and save.

From utter defeat and disaster,
 He promised, he plead and he gave
 Many millions of ill gotten money
 To hire, corrupt and deprave

The voters, the rabble and suckers,
 And whoever might happen to crave
 A bowl or a spoonful of old party soup--
 --Old Hanna's more devilish than brave.

So now the poor dupes are all looking
 As it were in the gloom of a cave
 For a sign of expected salvation,
 But they see not a sign of the "wave."

CAMPAIGN SONG

(Tune: Old Dan Tucker)

Voters come and hear my ditty
 What was done at Kansas City:
 David Hill, the New York lion,
 Nominated Billy Bryan.

Chorus:

Get out of the way, you grand old party,
 Get out of the way, you grand old party,
 Get out of the way, you grand old party
 You're so old, you're getting warty.

For running mate there was a pull
 But 'twas no use, the woods were full.
 And then and there to still the noise
 They gave the job to Illinois.

Still your boss is Mark A. Hanner,
 He looks just like a stockyards canner,
 In the ring, our hats we're shying,
 Whoop! Harrah! for Billy Bryan.

Keep the banners ever flying
 Follow always Billy Bryan
 Onward now and all keep steady.
 'Cause we're after Mack and Teddy.

A SONG OF THE TIMES

(Tune: John Brown)

By Mrs. J. T. Kellie

There's a deep and growing murmur
 Going up through all the land,
 From millions who are suffering
 Beneath oppression's hand.
 No charity, but justice
 Do the working poor demand;
 And justice they will gain.

Chorus:

Rally, rally, all ye voters,
 Rally, rally, all ye voters,
 Rally, rally, all ye voters,
 And vote for home and right.

There's an army at the capitol,
A valiant band of peace,
And many more are marching on
Its numbers to increase;
They voice the people's sentiment,
That evil laws shall cease,
And equity shall reign.

They may sneer at General Coxey,
And may call his plans unwise;
May style him a fanatic,
And his followers despise;
Yet Coxey's cause is righteous
And above the wrong 'twill rise
The Lord hath spoken it.

Though prison walls may hold awhile,
The champions of the poor,
The principles they advocate
Will only spread the more;
And soon the people will declare
That Shylock's reign is o'er
For light is spreading fast.

The hirelings of the plutocrats
Whose legislative might,
Would rob the people of their homes,
And every free man's right,
Are doomed to see their sun go down,
In everlasting night;
For they'll be voted out.

Indian

Legends